

“SOME
HIT”

“YOU’LL LIKE
THIS ONE”

YOU AIN’T TALKING TO ME

WORDS BY
**MAT.
MARSHALL**



FEATURED WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY
CLIFFORD AND BURKE

MUSIC BY
**SHELTON
BROOKS**
AUTHOR OF
“HONEY GAL”

WILL ROSSITER
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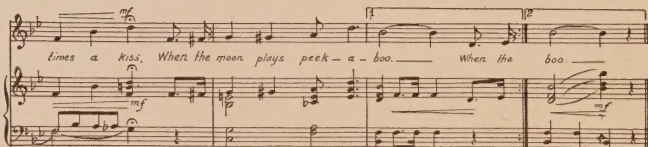
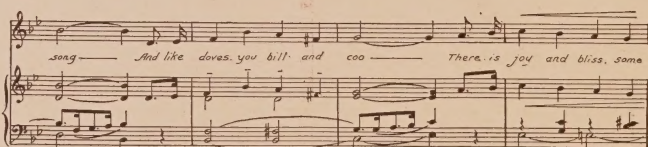
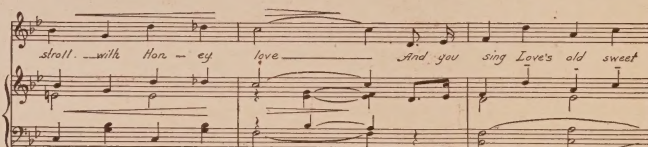
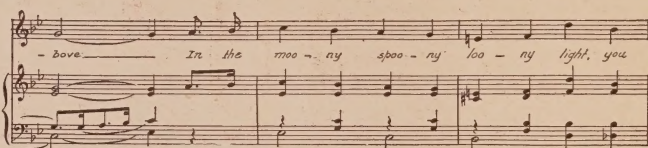
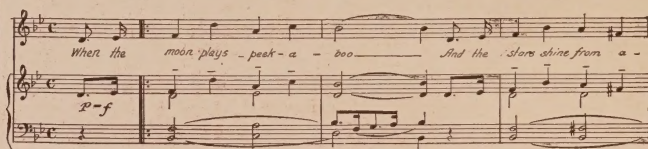


WHEN THE MOON PLAYS PEEK-A-BOO

By W. R. WILLIAMS

At last we have a pretty little song that everyone in the family can sing. Even the children sing this song "When the Moon Plays Peek-a-boo." The little ones love to play "peek-a-boo," and they enjoy singing about when the moon plays "peek-a-boo." If you doubt it, send for a copy and sing it for the children. Remember it's by W. R. Williams, who has written more home song successes than all the others put together. * * * * *

CHORUS



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WILL ROSSITER "THE CHICAGO PUBLISHER"

152 Lake Street * * * * * Chicago

SONGS THAT ARE POPULAR

IN AFTER YEARS, WHEN I AM OLD
Cleve M. Williams

CLOVER BLOSSOMS
Floyd Thompson

NAPANEE
Williams and Genaro

SINCE YOU CALLED ME DEARIE
Williams and Durand

STINGY The Teddy Bear Song
Newton and Durand

WHEN THE MOON PLAYS
PEEK-A-BOO W. R. Williams

SNUGGLE UP CLOSER
Newton and Durand

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAPLES
ON THE HILL Cleve M. Williams

MONTANA
Robinson and Harris

IF I ONLY HAD A HOME,
SWEET HOME Johns and McDermott

WISH ME GOOD LUCK ON MY
JOURNEY W. R. Williams

WHEN YOU DREAM OF SOMEONE, and
SOMEONE DREAMS OF YOU
W. R. Williams

EVERYONE WAS MEANT FOR
SOMEONE Branan and Lloyd

IN THE SWEET DIM LIGHT
Williams and Genaro

YOU AINT TALKING TO ME.

Words by
MAT MARSHALL

Music by
SHELTON BROOKS.

Mod^{to}

p

1. We all re - mem - ber child-hood days, And the
 2. Now I was sick De - cem - ber last, I had
 3. I met a la - dy just last week, And her

p

good times that we had — The man - y jokes we used to play, On moth - er
 fierce pains in my head — The doc - tor said you've got the Grippe, And it's quite
 name was Lin - dy Lee — To tell the truth she was a Dream, I tell you,

and some-times on dad. When dad sat down, up - on a tack He jumped
 ser-i-ous I'm 'fraid He said the on - ly cure would be To
 she looked good to me She said it's Leap Year and you know, You're the

up with pain and cried "You're a bad, bad boy now come
 bathe in wa - ter cold Then I said to "Doc" I will
 man I'd like to wed But when I found out, she

straight to me," I trem-bling - ly re - plied.
 not get well, I'll nev - er be so bold.
 had ten kids, To her I quick - ly said.

mf
 You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me I
 You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me I
 You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me I

may be foolish and all of that, But that's not my fault you see
 may be foolish and all of that But I got good sense you see
 may be foolish and all of that But I've got good sense you see

You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me To the
 You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me No
 You ain't talk-ing to me, You ain't talk-ing to me I

woodshed we'd repair, Papa spanked me you know where; No You ain't talk-ing to me.
 doubt I got the grip, No cold wa - ter will I dip. Oh! You ain't talk-ing to me.
 liked the lady's bids But she had too man-y kids: Oh! You ain't talk-ing to me.

I went one day, to lady's house just to get a bite
 to eat
 She gave me lots of pork and beans, and lots of
 pie called "minsus" meat
 When I got through, said she to me, now I hope
 I've fed you good
 Won't you go, for me, out in our back yard and
 saw that cord of wood.

Chorus

You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 I may look foolish and all of that, but I've got
 good sense you see
 You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 Your food was very good, but I couldn't saw the
 wood
 So you ain't talking to me.
 You aint talking etc. 3-3

My wife and I had ups and downs, all through
 our married life
 She said there was no use of us, goin' through
 this toil and strife
 We took a walk, along the lake, one evening
 just 'bout dusk
 When she said to me, let us drown ourselves,
 no one will grieve 'bout us.

Chorus

You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 I may look foolish and all of that, but I've got
 good sense you see
 You ain't talking to me, you ain't talking to me
 But when the lake gets dry, that's time enough
 to die
 So you ain't talking to me.



IF I ONLY HAD A HOME, SWEET HOME

IF I ONLY HAD A HOME, SWEET HOME

¶ This is a beautiful and pathetic little song that should be in every home. Beautiful sentiment and tuneful music.

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EVERYONE WAS MEANT FOR
SOMEONE Brannen and Lloyd

IN THE SWEET DIM LIGHT
Williams and Genaro

CHORUS. Tempo di Valse.

If I on - ly had a home, sweet home, Some one to
care for me, Like all the oth - er boys and
girls, How hap - py I would be; A kind
pa - pa and a ma - ma dear To call me all their
own, This world would be all sun - shine if I

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